"OUT OF BODY" LETTER
MED IMAILING LIST

Mailed 10/31/78

Oct 20/75 Guelph Ontario. I

Dear Sir or Madam

On October 16/75 I saw Mr Robert A. Monroe interviewed on television. After the interview I decended to go out and purchase the book.

After reading the foreword and introduction I thought I would put down on paper my two(2) own personal experiences with OOBEs before I would be in any way influenced by Mr Monroe's writings

My experience is as follows.

About 14 years ago at the age of 22 I was living in Toronto in a small apartment with my wife and infant daughter. One evening after a very trying day at work and having a very late supper I went to bed early. approx 10 PM.

My wife also went to bed.

After only a few minutes of mentally relaxing I fell asleep, at least I thought I did.

Next thing I knew I found myself floating along the ceiling of the bedroom looking down on the bed where my wife was soundly asleep.

Beside her was another person.

Only a split second later I realized that it was none other than myself. Why was I in two places at once. Even then I thought I was just having a dream. My next thought was to go into the kitchen to get a drink

I easily floated from the bedroom into the kitchen but as I stood in front of the refrigerator I changed my mind

My next desire was to go downtown Toronto where I used to frequent Bars with good entertainment. Next thing I knew I was floating in an upright position, only a few inches above the sidewalk along Yonge Street, Toronto's main artery. Not knowing why I suddenly wanted to go back home and as quickly as wished this I was again in my bedroom floating above the bed. Without giving it a second thought I knew I had to get back into my physical body which was laying flat on its back. I sat into my physical body only the upper half of my torso above my physical

As I slowly reclined it became very difficult when my head had to go back in

It seemed like I had difficulty breathing, as sort of tightness. It was very uncomfortable but I finally managed

The next morning I seemed to remember having an unusual dream but could not remember what

No more thought was given to the subject.

About 6 months later the same thing manifested itself. Again I was floating above the bed. This time however I wanted to go downtown immediately. Again all I had to do was but to wish and I was there. But this time was different.

I floated, like Superman, about 10 stories up going south along Yonge Street.

Suddenly I became aware of another person beside me. He was doing exactly the same thing I was. Just floating along. Somehow we communicated. I cannot remember what we "talked" about but I do recall as we approached Lake Ontario I wanted to turn around and go North, back up Yonge Street. I asked the other person to come along but he said he wanted to go visit Centre Island, just off shore

We said goodbye and parted ways. He to the Island and I back up Yonge Street

As I floated along I admired this vibrant city with all the Neon lights and people and watched them going about their business

Once again I wanted to go home and back to bed and again, at a mere wish, I was there.

All of a sudden, as I looked down on my physical, I recalled the difficulty getting back in. Especially my head.

"O.K." I said. This time I will go in head first. It was far easier this way. I don't know whether I actually saw my toes go back in or whether I just imagined it but when they finally became one with my physical I breathed a sigh of relief. I finished the rest of the night without any problems and awoke the next morning feeling normal.

About a week later while in the library I happened to pick up a book, leafed through it and found myself reading a story very similar to my own experience with OOBE.

All of a sudden both experiences came back as clear as day. "That is what happened to me" I said and was very glad someone else had the same experience. It really was not a dream. It was a truly unique happening.

I was glad it happened to me but at the same time I was afraid because I did not know where any further trips would take me. The event of physical death entered my mind. I felt I was too young, not ready to go.

Your institute probably gets a lot of letter from people with different experiences with OOBEs, but personally I feel very good, almost relieved, to be able to sit down and write you of my own personal experience and share it with you.

I hope somehow it will help you to put a small piece of a huge puzzle together.

Thank you for taking the time to read this and good luck with all your efforts on the matter.

yours truly

[redacted]

Guelph Ontario Canada.